THE NATIONAL ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD

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R. M. HENEY, PRINTER.

Pro-Slavery.

From the Paris Correspondence of the National Intelligencer.

THE REPORT OF GUIZOT.

PARIS, March 21, 1842.

Since my letter of the 7th inst. the ratification of the treaty of search has not ceased to be discussed in every sense. Fresh blame and invective are lavished on the French ministry, not withstanding that they really deserve credit for yielding at once to the voice of the deputies. The King's government having long since urged the treaty on the northern powers, and the royal prerogative of ratification being independent of any legislative action—to ask of those powers a reprieve—to solicit terms less objectionable with the deputies—was a severe alternative for *Louis Philippe*, tenacious as he is of his engagements and authority; and for his present cabinet, who were pledged to support the treaty on a certain day, and confident in their influence over the Chamber of Deputies. There is still less of reason to be opposition complaint with the extent of the powers for exchanging ratifications without France. In abstaining, they would have seemed to recognise for themselves the control of the French deputies: it could hardly be expected of the three absolute monarchies, that they would do what, by implication, would sanction so bad an example as a representative body—a chamber of *hungry* deputies—having the paralyzing a court and its cabinet. When Sir *Robert Peel* submitted the treaty to the House of Commons (21st ult.) *Lord* Palmerston said: "He entirely shared the hope, he might say the confidence, of the right honorable baronet, that no consideration of a local character—no considerations, *even though it were one affecting the strength or nobility of a government*—should induce the sovereign of the French nation to withhold his sanction from what was regarded by his own direction and sanction." Lord Palmerston, who as minister had dealt so cavalierly with the House of Commons in the case of the treaty of July, 1840, and the war on Mehemet Ali, might, with some personal consistency, set at naught a *veto* vote of the French Chamber of Deputies; but neither Louis Philippe nor Mr. Guizot has felt disposed to sacrifice the solidity of government or ministry, for the sake of a quintuple league virtually almost established by the treaty of 1841. The political survey at the end of each number of *La Revue des Deux Mondes* has, in common belief, a semi-official origin or weight. In the number for 15th instant, I find this language: "Without the ratification of France, the treaty of search is abortive. What was aimed at, above all? To present to the United States a European coalition, and to unite Europe as one mass—to awe them in a manner by a moral coercion, by a decree of European civilization. If in regard to it the least purpose alone had any importance was attached to the signature of Prussia and Austria. Without France the scheme utterly miscarries. It is no longer for the United States an array of *Europe*." The combination, if complete and understood, would, I apprehend, have rendered the accession of our republican less probable. You could never admit that five powers might create a law of nations for even Europe, whenever it should please them to establish by treaty a reciprocal privilege between themselves. In the case of the old diplomatic system, Lord Palmerston was right in these remarks:

"According to his (Viscount Palmerston's) understanding of the usual practice of governments, the only question which could be properly assigned by a sovereign for refusing to ratify a treaty concluded by his plenipotentiary were, first, that a plenipotentiary had exceeded his negotiation and concluded the treaty without being authorized by his government to do so, or else that the plenipotentiary, having exceeded his powers, gave to the authority of his government, had either exceeded or violated his instructions."

The French press has been assisted in its unremitting reprobation of the treaty, by some new cases of the molestation of French ships on the west coast of Africa. A captain, who states the details of harsh treatment by British searching, after a short period of nine months' navigation on the coast, he did not fall in with a single French cruiser. So much for the *fact* of the treaty of July, 1841

cribed to the interests of the minority—that cotton should be exported to Great Britain, and sold in exchange for her manufactures, to the great injury, if not the ruin of the non-slaveholding States!—*Boston Journal.*

INDIA COTTON.

We expressed a doubt, the other day, whether orders were likely to have gone from Boston and Salem to India for cotton, when the article must be imported in the face of 3 cents a pound. It did not then occur to us, that under the present tariff laws, if not altered, the duty on cotton, as on all other articles, would be reduced in June next to 20 per cent. ad valorem. The valuation of the cotton in India is a matter beyond our control, except it should be such that the duty will be presumed; and undoubtedly it will be lower than the present low prices in our southern ports. The duty, in any case, must be much less than three cents, which removes a material obstacle to the importation in question. It would be one of the most singular cases of retributive dispensation on record, if the violence of nullification forcing the protective duties down, by means of the compromise act, to a level of 20 per cent. should turn out to have opened a door for northern commerce and manufactures, which will lead to the most disastrous depreciation of the planting interests of the South.

It is said that the exportations of cotton from this country is greatly exaggerated: that the article has been overvalued, and the returns of exports for the last two years, as compared with the price received from the sales of it, to the amount of many millions; and that the depression of the times fully manifest the coming year.—*Portland Advertiser.*

A CALL FROM THE SOUTH FOR A TARIFF.

The Savannah Georgian holds this language:

Protection.—A state of feeling is growing up in the South upon this subject, which, if it does not alter existing ten years ago. It is natural that it should be so, when it is but too evident that our interests lead us to such a change. Cotton, with all its beauties, has brought with it few or no benefits, but rather a train of calamities; and we find the whole South laboring under a complete prostration of prosperity. We do not hesitate to say, that the cause may be found in the fact that we do not live sufficiently within ourselves. We want *encouragement home manufactures*, and therefore task all our energies, and them in vain, to pay for those things of which the main part could be produced among ourselves.

Labor is misapplied; we produce more of our staple than is wanted; and we have not yet learned to distribute our force upon those objects which would prove most profitable. To enable us to do this, it is necessary to erect some barrier to keep foreign competition from interfering with us, and rendering our efforts fruitless, by driving us from our own markets. *The moral* is obvious. We shall then produce, and manufacture, and consume our own products, and not be thrown entirely into idleness by the great glut of a single article, as is now the case. Cotton is a drug, and at a low price; and till we can turn our hands to something else, we must continue to labor for that single article requires a protection; and our assertion last summer, that with the reduction of the duty by the compromise act to 20 per cent. ad valorem, the East Indies would meet us in our own market, is nearer being realized than we expected.

THE TARIFF AND THE SOUTH.

Indications are presented every day, that the tariff is gaining friends in the South, and it is not unlikely that it may come to be advocated as a great slaveholding measure. Should Great Britain succeed in obtaining her principal supply of cotton from the East Indies, the South must either change her mode of labor, no longer confining herself to one or two staples—or she must encourage domestic manufactures. Her first attention will probably be turned to the last: and indeed, we see some slaveholders are are already advocating it on the very ground that it will raise the price of negroes and cotton. But she will soon find, that after all the efforts that can be made in this way, there will not be a sufficient market for her great staple; and the result will be, she must abstract capital and labor from its culture, and invest them in the other branches of agricultural industry. Whenever this crisis shall come, slavery must go down; for it is absurd to think of making slave labor profitable in *farming* or manufacturing.—*Philanthropist.*

EXTRACT

From Dr. Channing's New Pamphlet, Reviewing Mr. Webster's letter on the Creole Case.

I have thus finished my examination of the document, and shall conclude with some general remarks. And first, I cannot but express my sorrow at the tone of inhumanity which pervades it. I have said at the beginning that I should make no personal strictures; and I have no desire of charging on the cabinet any singular want of human feeling. The document bears witness not to individual hardness of heart, but to the callousness, the cruel unsensibility, which has seized the community at large. Our contact with slavery has seared in a measure almost all hearts. Were there a single spark of feeling among us, certain passages in this document would call forth a burst of displeasure. For example, what an outrage is offered to the moral sentiment of

interest might be ten times more valuable in the market; but let me calculate as I would, I should mourn most for the one in which the *heart* had invested stock. The common wild-flower that I have brought to my garden, and nursed and petted, till it has lost all home-sickness for its native woods, is *really* more valuable than the costly exotic, purchased in full bloom from the conservatory. Men of princely fortunes never know what wealth *of* happiness there is in a garden.

"The rich man in his garden walks,
Beneath his garden trees;
Wrapped in a dream of other things,
He notes it like his ease.

One moment he beholds his flowers,
The next he doth forget;
His eyeth of his sweet fruits,
As though he them not.

It is not with the poor man so;
He knows each inch of ground,
And every single plant and flower,
That grows within its bound;
And though his garden plot is small,
His eth it subtly!
For there's no inch of all his ground,
That does not fill his eye.

It is not with the rich man thus;
For though his grounds are wide,
He looks beyond, and yet beyond,
With soul unsatisfied.

Yes, in the poor man's garden grow
The more than herbs and flowers,
Kind thoughts, contentment, peace of mind,
And joy for weary hours."

The reason of this difference is easily explained:

"The rich man has his gardeners—
His partners—say and ally—
He never takes a spade in hand,
Nor worketh in the mould.

It is not with the poor man so—
Wealth, servants, he has none;
And all the work that's done for him,
Must by *himself* be done."

I have said this much, not for the paltry purpose of vindicating myself, but to prove that money is not wealth, and that *God's* gifts are equal; though joint-stock companies and corporations do their worst to prevent it.

And all the highest *truths*, as well as the genuine good, are universal. Doctrinal dogmas, may be hammered out on theological anvils, and appropriated to spiritual corporations, called sects. But those high and holy truths, which make the soul at one with God and the neighbor, are by their very nature universal—open to all who wish to receive. Outward forms are always in harmonious correspondence with inward realities; therefore the material types of heavenly truths defy man's efforts to monopolize. Who can bottle up the sunlight, to sell at retail? or issue dividends of the ocean and the breeze?

The highest gifts my soul has received, during its world-pilgrimage, have often been bestowed by those who were poor, both in money and intellectual cultivation. Among these donors, I gratefully remember a hard-working, uneducated mechanic, from Indiana or Illinois. He told me he was one of thirty or forty New Englanders, who, twelve years before, had gone out to settle in the western wilderness. They were mostly neighbors, and had been drawn to unite together in emigration from a spirit of brotherhood, on visiting each others' spots. For some years previous, they had been in the habit of meeting occasionally at each others' houses, to talk over their duties to God and man, in all simplicity of heart. Their library was the Gospel, their priesthood the inward light. There were then no mail-delivery societies; but this neighborly band were willing to learn, they had no need of such agency, to discover their duties to the enslaved. The efforts of peace societies had reached this secluded hand only in broken echoes; but non-resistance societies had no existence. But with the volume of the Prince of Peace, and hearts open to his influence, what need had they of preambles and resolutions?

Rich in God-culture, this little band started for the far West. Their inward homes were blooming gardens: they made their outward in a wilderness. They were industrious farmers, and all things prospered under their heads. But soon wolves came near the fold, in the shape of reckless, unprincipled adventurers; believers in force and conning, who acted according to their creed. The colony of practical Christians spoke of their depredations in terms of gentlest remonstrance, and repaid them with unbounded love. Finally, the wolves came, and openly announced, "You may do us what evil you choose; we will return nothing but good." Lawyers came into the neighborhood, and offered their services to settle disputes. They answered, "We have no need of you. As neighbors, we receive you in the most friendly spirit; but for us, your services are unknown to exist." "What will you do, if rascals burn your barns, and steal your harvests?" "We will return good for evil. We believe this is the highest truth, and therefore the best expediency."

The Metropolitan, published in Europe on the first of April, were delivered to subscribers in this city a fortnight ago!

☞ The Treasurer has received from a friend at Boardville Ct. three dollars; and from the ladies association, West Chester N. Y. $2,00 for the use of Hiram Wilson, of Upper Canada.

Congressional.

HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES, April 15.

J. Q. Adams, in continuation of his reply in Mr. Ingersoll, entered into a dissertation on the right of search, and the constitutional power of the construction of Mr. Monroe, while he was Secretary of State, he had always been opposed to granting to England the right of search. Let this controversy, let this fatal treaty, let this constructive right, let the principles really involved in all this blustering about the right of search, be the object of the discussion of it all in the *restoration and preservation of the* AFRICAN SLAVE TRADE.

The right of search under the pretext of philanthropy, is a proof of hypocrisy, we were ourselves the first to give it: for we were once zealous in the pursuit of it; but we have changed all that, and the heart is on the right side." "Yes, I hope we shall ever maintain the freedom of the seas," said Mr. Adams, "as I ever did. The right of the freedom of the land; it is a part of the great question of human liberty. I admit that the claim of the English to the supervision of the seas is an evil to be resisted by all the other nations of the earth. Our contest is for the freedom of the seas, not for the sovereignty of the seas.

I entreat the members of this committee to remember that I am not discussing the right of search. I care not whether it be, even for the suppression of the slave trade: because I believe that other expedients can be found more effectual for that purpose, without this resort; and because in the correspondence of the British minister with Mr. Stevenson, I see no disposition to make concession. On the contrary, the claim to search our ships is expressly *disclaimed* by Great Britain. We may indeed be called upon to aid her in the suppression of the slave trade, by upon to aid her in the suppression of the slave trade, by upon to aid her in the suppression of the slave trade, by

Poetry.

For the National Anti-Slavery Standard.

TO AN ABSENT FRIEND.

We once had a domestic between whom and myself there subsisted a very warm friendship. She lived in our family a long while; and it was a delight to me to sit with and instruct her. She was pious, intelligent, and modest. She was particularly distinguished from the rebecca as well as from the white world. We correspond; and her letters are counted among my greatest treasures. I publish these lines in the hope of doing good; and am therefore constrained to withhold the name affixed. So far from being ashamed of having a "black" woman for my intimate friend, I feel honored by her affection. In the great day, when we pass disfelicitly by, may we be glad to own each other's acquaintance with her. E. A. COMSTOCK.

Full many weary years have pass'd,
Since thou and I together cast
Our bread upon the waters vast,
Dear Mary.

And then so sanguine, side by side,
We vainly watch'd the coming tide,
And sadly strove our tears to hide,
Dear Mary.

Oft from the dreary world I turn,
To weep o'er memory's broken urn,
Where still the living ashes burn,
Dear Mary.

And trace upon her ruined fane,
Thy oft-repeated, much-loved name,
And wish that all could feel the same,
Dear Mary.

How many happy hours were spent,
Together o'er some volume bent,
That charity or love had lent,
Dear Mary.

And prize thy heart, so kind and true,
Dear Mary.

When fortune swelled upon thy birth,
And barred thee from the white man's hearth,
She gave to thee superior worth,
Dear Mary.

Where'er thy knee was bent in pray'r,
I knew the eye then raised for thee,
Were such as all mankind could share,
Dear Mary.

Blest harbingers of fadeless Spring,
To God a votive offering,
That shall our souls in union bring,
Dear Mary.

When fades the world upon thy view,
Closed be my eyes upon it too;
I could not bear thy last adieu,
Dear Mary.

So soon translated to the sky,
We'll let the haughty world pass by,
And think how sweet 'tis to die,
Dear Mary.

February 17th, 1842.

A MOTHER'S THOUGHTS AMIDST HER CHILDREN.

BY MRS. CHARLES TINSLEY.

"Thou must then, of course, pity,
Whom we have reared, watched, blessed, too much adored."
MRS. HEMANS.

Ye are around me still,
A bright, unbroken band; your voices fill
The summer air with gladness; yet I know
That Fate's cold shadows are around us falling,
That with its thousand tongues the world is calling,
Urging you forth—and ye must go!

Ye will depart with glee
From the fair bowers where ye have wandered free,
As spring's rejoicing birds; ye will not cast
Sad looks and lingering on your native dwelling;
Whilst Hope of other, brighter realms, is telling—
Ye will not sorrow for the past!

Ye will go boldly forth,
With your heart's treasures, gems of priceless worth,
To barter for the hollowness, the strife
Of human crowds;—ah, fond ones! little knowing
How ill your childhood's gentle spirit will thrive,
Suit the realities of life!

Ye will not learn to prize
The holy quiet of the love that lies
Deep in your hearts, till ye have felt the wrong
That the cold, scornful world is ever wreaking
On the gentlest spirits,—on the weary, seeking
Safe shelter in its throng!

Therefore I sadly gaze
Upon you, with the thought of future days
Brooding around me; and I fain would deem
That no relentless change your paths might sever
That thus united, ye might glide forever
Along life's onward stream!

And solemn thoughts arise,
As now I look into your loving eyes,
And school my heart for evil's worst to come,—
How may I think upon the speeding morrow,
With its impending ill—its strife and sorrow,
And trial—and be dumb?

How will thy spirit brook,
My proud, fair girl, beneath the veil to look
That hides life's hollow joys, and mocking trust!
How will that high, firm principle, now drooping,
To own with low, sad voice, and dim eyes drooping,
Thy portion with the dust?

And thou, my loving child,
My gentle boy, with thy affections mild,
And spirit shrinking still from boisterous glee,—
How, in a world with angry passions teeming,
With Envy's poisonous words, and Pride's dark scheming,
How will it fare with thee?

With thee find food for mirth,
My joyous one, and the grows of earth?
Will thine heart's sunshine to the desert bring
A brightness not its own? or will thou, failing
In love and hope, change thy glad songs to wailing,
Or silence—bird of spring?

Ye are around me still,
A bright, unbroken band; your voices fill
The summer air with gladness; yet I know
That Fate's cold shadows are around us falling,
That with its thousand tongues the world is calling,
Urging you forth—and ye must go!

Yet whither? are ye not
Heirs of a higher promise? unforgot
Of Him that mindeth even the sparrow's fall?
Be still my heart! the future hath its story
Of vanquished evil, and enduring glory,
And triumph, for you all!

Oh ye who think of death, and mourn for death,
Why do ye raise a phantom of your weakness?
And then shrink loud to see what you have made?
There is no Death to those who know of Life;
No Time to those who see Eternity.—*Milnes.*

Miscellany.

For the National Anti-Slavery Standard.

AN ADDRESS.

On the funeral occasion of "REV. FONTEN, SEN. *late of the city of Philadelphia. Delivered in St. Thomas' Church, Philadelphia, March 26th,* 1842. *By Rev. Wm. Douglass. [Published by request.]*

BRETHREN:—We are called together on this solemn occasion, to pay our last tribute of respect to the moral remains of that venerable and good man, JAMES FONTEN. He is taken away, one, and another, and another, of his old associates and friends, fall before the resistless arm of death; till he found himself standing there almost alone. With few remaining, who could sympathize with him in the recollections of his youthful days, he stood in our midst like an old sturdy tree among young saplings, spared by the woodman, as a relic of former times. But the ravages of time have at length caused his tabernacle to fall. He has left us, a bereaved widow and family to mourn their irreparable loss, and a numerous community of friends, who justly esteemed him as a worthy and good man. But death levels all. None can escape.

"The tall, the wise, the reverend head,
Must lie as low as ours."

This voice from the dead is confirmed by the decree of the living God: "Dust thou art, and unto dust shalt thou return."

"Great God! is this our certain doom?
And are we still secure?
Still walking thus to the tomb,
And yet prepare no more?

Wilken, O Lord, our drowsy sense,
To walk this dang'rous road:
And wake us from our drowsy sense,
May they be found with God."

Accustomed as we always are, to associate in our minds old age with a close proximity to the grave, we are somewhat apt to expect it soon after it arrives at present. We are relieved from that startling surprise we generally experience, when we behold one cut down in the bloom of his days. The old man that has braved the fury of a thousand storms, we naturally expect to see fall by its own weight at last, and give place to the young branches nourished at its side. But notwithstanding the relieving circumstance that is connected with the death of an aged sire, we can scarcely witness it without deep emotion; especially, when, as in the present instance, he was characterized by that useful and upright life, which evinces the short road with a crown of glory, rendering old age truly honorable. In such a case, as we gaze for the last time upon his cold remains, the question arises in our minds, and in our bosoms. With the bereaved relatives, we feel that we, too, are bereaved; and as the mortal remains of the departed are borne to the grave, along to the place appointed for all living, we unconsciously sigh, and drop the sympathizing tear. And it is right that we should thus sympathize, and that we should mourn. In the death of a truly good man, one who had devoted the talents which divine Providence gave him to the service of God, and to the benefit of his fellow-men, who had shunned the broad road of sin, and walked in the narrow path of righteousness, who had striven to be found, at the end of his days, in the bosom of his God, and who had left behind him a name that is precious in our bosoms. But we have been created with a desire to be happy; and we have been endowed with a conscience, which tells us that we cannot be happy, unless we are found in the path of duty. The chief end of man is to glorify God, and to enjoy him forever. And this end is confirmed by the decree of the living God: "Dust thou art, and unto dust shalt thou return."

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In the imperfect sketch we are attempting to give, we must not fail to mention another excellent trait in the character of our departed friend. He was eminently conspicuous for his harmony among the brethren. He has been frequently called to preside in public meetings, and in very few instances, if any, have we known him to fail, as he was the chair, to set before the audience, the importance of preserving harmony of feeling. And should any unpleasant feelings unfortunately manifest themselves, no one could appear to be more pained at the sight than he, nor be more ready to restore things to their original order and quietude. This was the case in one of those men, whose reproofs were an "excellent oil, which did not break the head." It matters not how confused the state of a regular meeting that would justify him, at the close, in congratulating them on the harmony and unanimity that prevailed. Thus they would do it, with manifestations of the greatest delight.

It is possible, we know, for a person to render very unpleasant services to his friends in his lives, without having any reference whatever to his obligations to God. He may give liberally to the poor and needy, and may even sacrifice his interest in doing correct notions on the subject of human rights; he may take a conspicuous part in all the great enterprises of the day, which, if believed to be for the good of life, are for the healing of the nations; and at the same time, be actuated by no higher motive than self-aggrandizement: like the Pharisees of whom our Lord spake, saying; "They do all their works to be seen of men." But our deceased friend, we confidently believe, was an humble Christian. With a penitent sense of his sins, of his want of personal righteousness, he was solicitous to be found, having on the righteousness of God, by the faith of Jesus Christ. And his humble trust in the Saviour was signally manifested, in the hours of affliction and nature's last struggle. He was nearly fifteen months confined to his home, with the sentiments of affection that terminated his life. During this time, with the exception of a little wandering now and then of his life, he was able to sit up in his room; and, in his moments of temporary relief, to converse with his friends. His patience and resignation were endeared to the test. Of his peculiar trial in this respect, we can form a better idea, when we consider that for seventy years he had enjoyed almost uninterrupted health. But we can say, that in all our several visits, we never once saw a disposition to fret, murmur, or repine under his affliction. He seemed deeply impressed to be cheerfully resigned to the will of God. When we would refer to the severity of his trial, he would immediately say, that he was perfectly satisfied with the Lord's dealings towards him. "The Lord's goodness and mercy have followed me all my days; and the same kind hand I shall still rest on." We have said, The last interview of resignes of prayer and praise were always acceptable to him, and in which he seemed to engage with much pleasure. But there was one hour which he dreaded, when he came in close contact with the last enemy, he was enabled, through grace, to triumph over him. He was enabled to say, that in our several visits, we never once saw a disposition to fret, murmur, or repine under his affliction. He seemed deeply impressed to be cheerfully resigned to the will of God. When we would refer to the severity of his trial, he would immediately say, that he was perfectly satisfied with the Lord's dealings towards him. "The Lord's goodness and mercy have followed me all my days; and the same kind hand I shall still rest on." We have said, The last interviews